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Original Poem.

TO M------,

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

In wordlands lone the red leaves piled,
Lay rustling and decaying;
And mellow winds with solemn wile
On leaves beside are playing:
The white cloud 'neath the naked bough
In lonely beds are sleeping,
And mournful o'er the miserable brows,
October's hues are creeping;
And twelve gay Spring hue faded away,
Gone last ere set together,
And drowned of love's delicious May,
But no to Autumn weather.

While lonely round the beasts serene
The night winds wild are sighing,
And down the autumn's misty glimmer
O'er blossoms dead and dying;—
While the wi'wi of the shivering earth,
The faded leaves are hailing,
And hark! the autumn's parting gust forth,
Some silent voice revealing,
Then idle art the day
When last we met together,
And drowned of love's delicious May,
But not to Autumn weather.

So Winter dies and Spring returns,
Some false impression might lead the young heart
And lonely blasts through mountain brow,
At midnight wild are ringing;
And every sigh of sorrow and misery,
Shall fling its pinions o'er us;
And many a thrilling tone skim deftly,
Through weary days before us:
Yet day is cold and sad for the day,
When last we sat together,
And drowned of love's delicious May,
But not to Autumn weather.

Original Tales.

CLARA LEONARD;
Or, Cop-Setting for a Husband.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

There is no subject upon which a young maiden is not emerging into womanhood, seems to think so chiefly, as the subject of marriage; and none upon which many parents, with equal propriety, seem to say both in their virgin beauty and captivate all hearts, appear so little scientific, so blind and heedless. And yet every thing depends upon wisdom and prudence at this matter. A light, careless, thoughtless step, and a whole character presents an attractive young man to-day, who is partial in his attentions. She won't him again to-morrow, and a more beautiful young man next week she considers herself so lucre, and by her manner invites him to woo and win her. If she happen to be the child of wealthy parents, and of a most rage-misanthrope—with which class society is particularly infested—her chances to one if her fate be not sealed, and a life of unhappiness her portion. When too late her repentance, the error is seen.

The following sketch has too many contemporaries of real life, is sketched in the hope that it will suggest caution to some who are in danger. It a simple one taken warning from its perusal, the time occupied in writing it will have been well spent.

"Don't talk about Harry Marston, say of you," said Clara Leonard, tossing back the clustering ring lets from her bright face, and laughing with a merry laugh. "I have not my cap for him in right down earnest. No I warn you all in time."

"Don't be at all uneasy," replied Ellen Milton, a young girl with a quiet, placid, even in repose rather an unattractive face. "None of us, I am inclined to think, has any desire to become your rival in coquetting. If Harry Marston chooses to fall in love in the most natural way imaginable, none in the party, except yourself, will ever change her tone for him."

"Hole yourselves, all of you, as much as you please," returned Clara, gaily, "my efforts will be the more successful with myself. I shall make the first chance, and then you can all come to one after the other for the loving swains I have proved by."

"And the pick of the flock is Harry Marston!" remarked one.

"I have picked him out," said Clara.

"Why?" asked Ellen Milton, in her quiet way.

"Because he surprise to all the rest!"

"In what respect?"

"He is the handsomest all will admit."

"Let us admit it quite, for argument's sake," said Ellen. "And now for his other merits."

"And the most polished in his manners," continued Clara.

"That may be, although I have my doubts. But to what else is he distinguished above his fellows?"

"Oh! in every thing. He is by near-ideal of a man, and I am going to rob him of his heart before the end of the fortnight."

Merry as her humor was, all that Clara Leonard said was in earnest. Her father, Mr. Marston, the young man of whom she spoke, was as interesting at her eyes as her words indicated, and all that she said, or appeared to say, was intended to attract his attention, was really true. Marston was a recent acquaintance: as recent that no opportunities had yet occurred for the display of her powers, and so to form any idea in regard to his conduct in life. He was handsome, dressed well and talked well. This was enough for her. Whether he could do or not say here for the meaning of that word she did not understand; and forthwith she set to work to attract his attention and make herself interesting to his eyes.

Marston did not long remain in ignorance of the preference with which he was regarded by Clara Leonard. He would not have thought of addressing her had there been, on the other part, a disposition to turn to do so; and, as she was pretty and agreeable, and, moreover, had a father who was said to be quite well off in regard to his means, he could see no good reason why he had not in the least diminished to accept the good fortune thrown thus unexpectedly, in his way, but met the young lady's advances in a becoming spirit.

In a very short time it was apparent to the eyes of many one that Marston and Clara were lovers, and none came up the question on the lips of every one as to his real character, and how far Clara was fortunate or unfortunate in the conquest she had made. As is usual in such cases, a good deal of fault was found, sometimes with one party and sometimes with the other.

"They are not at all fitted for each other," one would remark. Another would cast her lip and sneer.

"I wonder what he could see in her so attractive!" While a third would look grave and add—

"She's a great fool, in my opinion."

The sequel will show how far any of these were right. The engagement, which soon followed the mutual confession of love, was entered into by both the young men and maiden with a degree of haste that augured little good; for it was not and could not be the result of a reciprocal knowledge and appreciation of those qualities of mind that make true conjunction of souls in the marriage union. In fact, so far as he was concerned, his suits were thoroughly selfish; and she was carried away by a blind prejudice in his favor, founded upon the merest external of his life, and much only as met her own eye.

Clara Leonard, for all her thoughtlessness and blind impulse, was a girl of a sweet temper, and natural by all. She was one of those we are accustomed to be, a gay human butterfly, sporting from flower to flower, and possessing no capacity beyond the taste for honey dew. The truth was, she was yet in the very early spring time of her life, and saw nothing around her but buds and blossoms. Her true character remained all undeveloped. The young company into which she had been thrown, and the few works of fiction she had read, gave her thoughts and feelings a wrong direction, and made her a woman in aspiration before the woman's deeper, guiding perceptions were developed. She was, consequently, ready to fall in love with the first attractive young man who came in her way, and to use her utmost endeavors to win him for her husband. And this she did in the case of Henry Marston, and with complete success.

Whatever of the latter disposition manifested by a young girl, we may be sure that it is not all her own fault, that she is not all to blame. The sin lies much nearer at the door of her parents than of her own. And this was the case here. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard were fond, but unwise, parents and mothers who have daughters just verging upon womanhood They gave Clara an guiding precepts. They did not feel it necessary to guard as she emerged into the new circle of life she had to enter, with a wise caution that was tremendously anxious lest some false impression might lead the young heart astray at its views of life, and make smooth and too easy its path to, the road to future unhappiness The contracts of the most casual observer, and the close led her astray when they led her to fit her gentleness upon Marston, and invite him so plainly as it could be done to woo and win her.

Strange as it may seem, the choice of the thoughtless girl was approved as a matter of course, and she permitted to have her own way. The time for the marriage was appointed, and the nuptials celebrated before the maiden had completed her twentieth year.

And now that all by which her future lot is to be governed has been consummated, let us look for the man into whose hands she has committed herself, and see whether he is worthy of the holy trust reposed in him. It would be a great mistake to look for a good marriage in rarity, if ever, the result of an impulsive and thoughtless choice. Who is Henry Marston? That question was asked of each other by many of Clara's friends, but, strange to say, was never satisfactorily answered by any of them.

In the first place Marston was, comparatively, a stranger in the city where he met Clara. He had come there, a few years before, with a small capital for a commission business, most of his consignments, however, coming upon himself, and little him at pleasly as it could be done to woo and win her.

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Long before this he had felt that Clara was changed, but he had never thought about the causes and nature of that change until now. She had not been a light-hearted, laughing creature, and full of affection towards her parents. But a gradual change had been going on for some months. Her whole manner and the expression of her face were more seriously; but that was not all—the change was not merely from the fickelity and happy unconsciousness of girlhood, to the woman's more sober and thoughtful mien. It was too evident that there was a pressure upon her heart. That all in her married life did not meet her early, unsloned anticipations.

Gay, thoughtless, and forward as Clara had been, she nevertheless possessed, though undeveloped, all those higher and better qualities of heart. The fault was in exposing her to the danger of forming a connexion for life before the real woman in her had begun to perceive its own true wants, feelings and sensibilities. Alas! when the woman's heart did begin to pulsate, its best affections were sent forth into obstructed channels.

No wonder that she began to change. A loving tender, devoted woman—such as is required for true character came forth,—she found no true return of love, no reciprocal tenderness, no devotion. Her husband was selfish; he was all his feelings and impulsed, with a natural repugnance, the caresses she would have lavished upon him, as childish and unmeaning. He was disappointed at the result of his marriage. True, he had obtained the use of some few or six thousand dollars by means of the name of Mr. Leonard; but all the advantages he had received, were evidently given with reluctance, and made him feel more of bitterness than gratitude towards the father of Clara. This feeling had been more than once expressed to his wife, and it had caused her acute pain. What he feared now was, that as soon as he became son-in-law to Mr. Leonard, capital would be placed at his disposal, voluntarily, and he put in a fair way of making his fortune rapidly. But, instead of this, he he left to go on as before, and take care of himself, and only to get accustomed to begging for the second six months, and made him feel half reckless as to consequences. He had loved Clara for the sake of the money he had supposed her to represent; and his love for her abated just in the extent that he found himself disappointed. There were expectations in the future, and for the sake of these, he did not act out all his real feelings, but enough showed themselves to rob his young wife's eyes of their brightness, and to sober, prematurely, her happy face. This change reacted on him, and afforded a new cause for being ill at ease in her company as possible.

Two years from the day Clara was led a blooming bride, to the altar, was the altar, we will look in upon her. It is evening, and we find her sitting near a closed window, her eyes cast upon the floor, and her attitude one of deep abstraction. A babe lies asleep in her arms. The appearance of things around her indicates a change from her former condition. She is, evidently, no longer in her father's house. A year previous to this time it became necessary for her father to fill Marston's paper, upon which he was responsible, to the amount of several thousands of dollars. This gave him, as he supposed, a right to question the young man more closely in regard to his business, and to suggest at various points that things did not look altogether right. The consequence was, a rupture between them, which led to Marston's removal from his father-in-law's house to one of his own.

The young couple commenced housekeeping in as good style as Marston's credit would permit—but not with that comfort and ease which is found in the angry father of his wife offered them nothing; but it was a style far below that in which Clara had always lived. This would not have given her an unhappy moment, had all else been right. If her husband had truly loved her, no change in their external condition would have been regarded; and as it was, other causes of disquietude were too numerous to permit this to have any effect upon her. But the trials of the year which succeeded her removal from her father's house, trials of which the world could know nothing, were of the keenest kind. She saw her friends as usual, and forced a smile to her lips when she met them, but none suspected the cause of that smile. That in the secret for leaving her old home were not suspected by any. It was only the natural course of things for the young couple to go to housekeeping, and none wondered why it had not been done before. The only wonder existed was, that their style of living should be so modest. She did not suffer upon acts of unkindness from her husband: but his monosyllabic and cold answers broke her heart—and that was all. She did not suffer upon acts of unkindness from her husband: but his monosyllabic and cold answers broke her heart—and that was all. She did not suffer upon acts of unkindness from her husband: but his monosyllabic and cold answers broke her heart—and that was all.

In evening, as we said a few paragraphs back, and Clara is sitting by a closed window, with her babe asleep upon her arm. Her face is given her been wrought upon her in the short space of two years! The work of ten years is apparent. Her cheek is pale, her eyes cast down in dreamy abstraction; her lips are closed tightly, and the whole expression of her face is mournful in the extreme. The tea table is not set: the lamp is lighted, and the whole room has an unoccupied appearance. It is plain that neither for her husband. It is past the time of his usual return. He has been absent from home since dinner, and it is now supper time, and he has not sent word that he will not be home. He has been in the habit of doing this frequently of late, and the consequence is, that Clara has ceased to look for his return at any particular hour. Sometimes he comes home early in the evening, sometimes late, and sometimes not at all. Of late, he has been more frequently absent than present, and Clara has learned to look upon his absence as the rule, and his presence as the exception.

Clara has been sitting in this way for more than an hour, and is still sitting in the same way, when she hears a step in the hall, and looks up eagerly. The door opens, and a servant girl comes in with a light. She sets it upon the table, and then, after stirring the fire, and putting on a few coals, she turns to her mistress, and says—

"Shall I get you some supper, ma'am?"

"No, sir. He said something yesterday about going to Boston. But I do not know whether he has gone or not. I am sorry to inform you that one of his notes laid over to-day;—I did not know that any thing was due."

"There is a note in my book?"

"No, sir."

"Was there no notice?"

"There may have been, but I have not seen it."

"And you don't know where he is?"

"No, sir."

"Humph!"

Mr. Leonard said no more, but went away and remained absent from his business that usual, his mind all the time stirring to come to some settled conclusion on the matter. Sometimes he blamed himself, for having thrown away five thousand dollars, which might easily have been saved—but the impulse from which he had acted sprung from a regard for his child, and for her sake had other second thoughts finally approved of what he had done.

Mrs. Marston sat in dreary abstraction of mind, a vague fear oppressing her spirits. Her husband had not been home since morning. He had slept but little during the night—and in the morning seemed not to be himself. What was very unusual, he had spoken kindly to her, and kissed their babe before leaving for his place of business. The resemblance of that kind word and that kiss upon the face of her husband, rose suddenly upon her consciousness of the neglected and wronged wife during the entire day. Whether they were the tenderness of grief or of love, she could not tell. His absence at dinner time, made her heart tremble lest the sign had been one of evil instead of good. Night came, but he did not return with the coming day. She was waiting and listening, in this state, when a carriage that had come noisily rattling down the street, stopped before the door. Her heart grew in sudden throb, and continued to beat with almost painful violence against her side. She heard the steps of the carriage fall, and persons might; and she even heard the street bell ring, without the power to move from her chair. Foot steps soon next heard along the passage—the door of the room where she was sitting opened, and her father and mother came in. She was so pale as ashes, and unable to speak a word.

"My dear child!" said Mrs. Leonard, springing forward quickly, and just in time to catch the babe that was falling from the mother's nerveless arms. But she handed to the servant who came in with them, saying as she did so—

"Take it from the room."

Mr. Leonard drew a chair beside Clara, she let the head of her child sank gently upon her bosom.

"Oh! mother!" gasped Clara, as soon as she could command utterance for her agitation, "what is Henry?" He has not been home since morning, and I am sure something is wrong."

"Be calm, my child," said Mrs. Leonard, in a soothing tone, while the venerable Bishop of Toledo, rose in hand, has mingled in the Christian soldiery. The gallant knight, Sancho of Castile, is seen in front, on a spirited steed, tearing away an iron chain which the Moors have fixed across his path. The life and action in the figures display the hand of a master, and as for his horse, they are real flesh and blood. Ah! if I could express my thoughts in that style, I would fling away the pencil instead of wasting my time and random sketches over scenes of snowy landscapes, quaint street-views and long cathedral-aisles, in which the religious feeling is not sensible. Sitting through a rainbow circle—the thin breath of the incense—in short, every thing but the organ's deep hymnings, which are unheard by the eye.

One artist has a sweet picture of Romulus and Remus—two ragged little boys, playing beside a motherly she-wolf. Their naked limbs are growing into Herculean vigor, and one need not be a wild to read in their faces their future destiny. I was delighted with a picture by Dubuis (who painted the "Adam and Eve" which was exhibited in America some time since), called "The Morning Prayer,"—a family scene of the Middle Ages. A child, leaning on his mother's knee, seems to be greatly silenced. I have seen copies of it in nearly every printshop in the city. The great merit of this picture is its purity of feeling, which, like the voice of an innocent child, makes one for a time feel better than his wont.

Many pictures are much inferior to the pictures, as works of art—some of them, indeed, unworthy a place in the collection. The French are very deficient in sculpture at present, possibly, because the impulsive spirit they possess prevents that constant and laborious study, which sculpture, more than all other art, demands. But the best thing of the kind is a Grecian herdsman endeavoring to resuscitate an infant which he has found suspended to a tree. How singularly a few steps can change one's feelings and mood of mind! I went the other day into the Rue de Boulogne, which lies west of the Place de l'Etoile, between the barrier of the city and a curve of the Seine. After walking for a month through the narrow and crowded thoroughfares, it was a strange sensation to stand alone in a wild patch of forest, out of the city's sight and hearing, and with the breath of the violets that were bursting out from under the dead leaves. Wandering thus through the fresh budding thickets, with the dry leaves rustling under my feet, I could scarcely persuade myself that a mighty city lay almost within gun shot, and that fifteen minutes before I had mingled with its crowds. The contrast was so great and the present sensation so vivid and agreeable, that the events of the past were thrust almost momentarily back into the Past. The spirit measures Time not by days, but by the number of new impressions it receives. Ten years of ordinary existence, I should believe if five years that I have been abroad, rather than two.

J. B. Y.

GUIZOT.

The following sketch of the personal appearance of the Prime Minister of France is from the Paris correspondent of the Boston Courier:

A few evenings after my arrival in Paris, I was at a party given by the American Minister on the occasion of the marriage of a young lady of Boston —Miss Cook—with a French nobleman. I was wandering through the saloons, when my attention was arrested by a little, pale, meagre man in black, decorated only with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Pale and meagre as he was, and of no unusual appearance, he had about him an air of command, and seemed to receive the universal respect which his position commanded. I certainly did not, at the moment, think of his being a very great man. His husband, though high, seemed too retiring for a leader of revolutions. I was told that he was the author of the celebrated epitaph, and to the sallow look of his native features, I supposed that I saw the tokens of the deep and concentrated acrimony necessary for the idea of the great exactions of a great man. But still I confess I was much pleased with the man, though the interest of his wife in suffering there seemed to be lessening on his consciousness an excellent and agreeable one; and on his husband's appearing I added such charms to conversation, and made himself so much the happy spirit of the party which he entered, that I could not help being more than ordinarily engaged in his favor.

Her address to Claudius, filled with all the pride and reared dignity which an injured and insulted woman can assume, was pathetically startling. A person entirely ignorant of the language would have understood it from the wonderful expression of her voice and gestures alone. Her attitude and look, when she is silent, harmonize perfectly with her part, and one unmistakably describes her with it. The actress was forgotten, and I looked on her with nearly the same feelings as I would have beheld Virginia herself.

She acts without the least apparent effort—the language seems to burst forth spontaneously from her heart. Her farewell to her father's tomb is spoken in a voice broken by sobs, and expressive of almost despairing grief, was the most touching thing I ever heard on the stage. The whole vast auditory was still as death till she had finished, when they broke loose in rapturous applause.

There was the greatest order and propriety observed in the theatre. During the performance there was not the slightest noise or talking, and the applause, which was frequent, was always decorous and appropriately given. They did not award it to any display of the voice or electioneery skill not a single sentence, spoken with nature or feeling, seemed to move them all.

The tragedy was by the poet Latour. He has given Virginia a more passionate and womanly character than agrees with tradition, but Rachel acts his conceptions so beautifully that one could not wish it changed.

The Palace of the Luxembourg, which is within ten minutes' walk of our lodgings, is now used for the sittings of the Chamber of Peers. It lies in a quiet part of the city, with large and beautiful gardens stretching away behind it, where one may walk from morning till night in a seclusion comparatively exempt from noise. One of the wings is appropriated to the gallery of works by the modern artists, which is now being decorated under the patronage of the government. I have paid it two long visits, and with increasing pleasure, for many of the paintings are of a character to throw lustre on the country which now owns or created them. Whatever faults the modern French school may have, its merits are certainly great and striking, such names as Horace Vernet, Delaroche, Ingres and Ary Scheffer will ever be forgotten in a day. It is gratifying, too, to find that their talents are fully appreciated and rewarded at. France acts generously in this respect; she honors living genius instead of heaping useless stone above the dust which Death has indifferent to.

I noticed a glorious picture at the Soliets women gazing from a rocky summit on the desperate strife below, and a wonderful begging by Gros, of the dead grey, heavy hue of the air, as it looks two and night fall, when brooding over a snow-storm, is portrayed with wonderful fidelity to nature. These were in the first chamber, which contained also many small cabinet pictures, which were gems in their way.

On entering the grand hall, my attention was caught by a splendid picture of Horace Vernet's, delivering to the catalogue. I was surprised to find it a romantic event in the history of Spain—the battle of the Sierra Morena—which I had never attempted, through the medium of a less powerful artist, to describe. The Christians and Moors are met in deadly conflict; on one hand the Henry 13 mule is seen with the Koran splinted, urging on his following hordes, while the venerable Bishop of Toledo, rose in hand, has mingled in the Christian soldiery. The gallant knight, Sancho of Castile, is seen in front, on a spirited steed, tearing away an iron chain which the Moors have fixed across his path. The life and action in the figures display the hand of a master, and as for his horses, they are real flesh and blood. Ah! if I could express my thoughts in that style, I would fling away the pencil instead of wasting my time and random sketches over scenes of snowy landscapes, quaint street-views and long cathedral-aisles, in which the religious feeling is not sensible. Sitting through a rainbow circle—the thin breath of the incense—in short, every thing but the organ's deep hymnings, which are unheard by the eye.

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Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER SEVENTY-SIX.

RACHEL, THE TRAGEDIENNE—THE GALLERY OF THE LUXEMBOURG—A WALK IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Paris, March 2, 1846.

I was at the Theatre Francais last night, and to see Mademoiselle Rachel in the role of Virginia. It is not one of her best characters, but as I expect to see her Fatis com, another chance might not have offered.

When the curtain rose, the scene forward as Virginia, at the window of a little, dark, kitchen-like room, still more the effect of her magnificent black hair, and dark eyes. Her first words made me certain I should not be disappointed in her acting. She could be natural with a prayer to the protecting deity of her house, which was extremely touching, and beautiful; her voice has a wonderful fullness and power of expression—its best modulations are made to express the most natural feelings, and it has a sweetness, equal to its power, and which is the more striking, as it is softly and solemn passages, thrills like the sublime sound of an organ.

Her address to Claudius, filled with all the pride and reared dignity which an injured and insulted woman can assume, was pathetically startling. A person entirely ignorant of the language would have understood it from the wonderful expression of her voice and gestures alone. Her attitude and look, when she is silent, harmonize perfectly with her part, and one unmistakably describes her with it. The actress was forgotten, and I looked on her with nearly the same feelings as I would have beheld Virginia herself.

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The Palace of the Luxembourg, which is within ten minutes' walk of our lodgings, is now used for the sittings of the Chamber of Peers. It lies in a quiet part of the city, with large and beautiful gardens stretching away behind it, where one may walk from morning till night in a seclusion comparatively exempt from noise. One of the wings is appropriated to the gallery of works by the modern artists, which is now being decorated under the patronage of the government. I have paid it two long visits, and with increasing pleasure, for many of the paintings are of a character to throw lustre on the country which now owns or created them. Whatever faults the modern French school may have, its merits are certainly great and striking, such names as Horace Vernet, Delaroche, Ingres and Ary Scheffer will ever be forgotten in a day. It is gratifying, too, to find that their talents are fully appreciated and rewarded at. France acts generously in this respect; she honors living genius instead of heaping useless stone above the dust which Death has indifferent to.

I noticed a glorious picture at the Soliets women gazing from a rocky summit on the desperate strife below, and a wonderful begging by Gros, of the dead grey, heavy hue of the air, as it looks two and night fall, when brooding over a snow-storm, is portrayed with wonderful fidelity to nature. These were in the first chamber, which contained also many small cabinet pictures, which were gems in their way.

On entering the grand hall, my attention was caught by a splendid picture of Horace Vernet's, delivering to the catalogue. I was surprised to find it a romantic event in the history of Spain—the battle of the Sierra Morena—which I had never attempted, through the medium of a less powerful artist, to describe. The Christians and Moors are met in deadly conflict; on one hand the Henry 13 mule is seen with the Koran splinted, urging on his following hordes, while the venerable Bishop of Toledo, rose in hand, has mingled in the Christian soldiery. The gallant knight, Sancho of Castile, is seen in front, on a spirited steed, tearing away an iron chain which the Moors have fixed across his path. The life and action in the figures display the hand of a master, and as for his horses, they are real flesh and blood. Ah! if I could express my thoughts in that style, I would fling away the pencil instead of wasting my time and random sketches over scenes of snowy landscapes, quaint street-views and long cathedral-aisles, in which the religious feeling is not sensible. Sitting through a rainbow circle—the thin breath of the incense—in short, every thing but the organ's deep hymnings, which are unheard by the eye.

One artist has a sweet picture of Romulus and Remus—two ragged little boys, playing beside a motherly she-wolf. Their naked limbs are growing into Herculean vigor, and one need not be a wild to read in their faces their future destiny. I was delighted with a picture by Dubuis (who painted the "Adam and Eve" which was exhibited in America some time since), called "The Morning Prayer,"—a family scene of the Middle Ages. A child, leaning on his mother's knee, seems to be greatly silenced. I have seen copies of it in nearly every printshop in the city. The great merit of this picture is its purity of feeling, which, like the voice of an innocent child, makes one for a time feel better than his wont.

Many pictures are much inferior to the pictures, as works of art—some of them, indeed, unworthy a place in the collection. The French are very deficient in sculpture at present, possibly, because the impulsive spirit they possess prevents that constant and laborious study, which sculpture, more than all other art, demands. But the best thing of the kind is a Grecian herdsman endeavoring to resuscitate an infant which he has found suspended to a tree. How singularly a few steps can change one's feelings and mood of mind! I went the other day into the Rue de Boulogne, which lies west of the Place de l'Etoile, between the barrier of the city and a curve of the Seine. After walking for a month through the narrow and crowded thoroughfares, it was a strange sensation to stand alone in a wild patch of forest, out of the city's sight and hearing, and with the breath of the violets that were bursting out from under the dead leaves. Wandering thus through the fresh budding thickets, with the dry leaves rustling under my feet, I could scarcely persuade myself that a mighty city lay almost within gun shot, and that fifteen minutes before I had mingled with its crowds. The contrast was so great and the present sensation so vivid and agreeable, that the events of the past were thrust almost momentarily back into the Past. The spirit measures Time not by days, but by the number of new impressions it receives. Ten years of ordinary existence, I should believe if five years that I have been abroad, rather than two.

J. B. Y.

Original Poetry.

LINES,

Written for Miss A. M.'s Album—at the request of a mutual friend.

BY J. M. S.

With thee inscribe a stranger's name
On friendship's sacred scroll—
Where each page insane with warmest wish
From soul to soul?

No costly boon have I to give,
No treasure of the earth—
'Tis but a Name I send to thee,
As a tribute to thy worth.

And now 'tis written side by side
With those of friends most dear—
Will not in foreign accents grow
A theme of less fair?

'Tis all I ask—that joy or grief
Shall thy soft bosom thrill,
When, coupled with that "stranger name,"
Then keep'st aright good or ill.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE—PRAYER AND TEETOTALISM—AGITATION—TRUE MISSIONARY INFLUENCE—A COMMERCIAL TRIUMVIR OF NATIONS—TALLEYRAND REPENTANT—BOSTON—MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE—APPLE REVOLUTIONS—WHAT INDIA FRUITS—FORGERIES—MARRIAGE OF SPAIN, AND SOUTH, UNDER TREATY OF UTRECHT—CONTINUE BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE—WILL THERE BE A WAR OF SUCCESSION?—A WEEKNICAL MAN AND QUARRELED LOAFER—MISCELLANEOUS.

Bristol, England, September 17, 1846.

One of the most delightful signs of the times—a glorious proof of the superior civilization and religion of these latter days—has been the recent great London Meeting of the "World's Evangelical Alliance," at which there were delegates from all parts of this Kingdom, and also from France, Germany, Holland, and the United States. Indeed, your country was strongly, honorably, and most intellectually represented on the occasion—for I see by the published accounts that there were between seventy and eighty Americans present, most of them clergymen. The great object of this alliance is to unite upon some ground the strong all Evangelical Churches, for the union and promotion of the general interests of the Christian Religion—so far as I can gather the grand basis of Christianity is to be recognized as marking a common ground, and the fundamental principles of the Christian Faith, as embodied in the Creeds of the Churches, are somehow brief but comprehensive formula—without interfering in any manner with the Government, or worship of any different sect or churches. In short, the desire is to unite Christians as one family—and an especial object also is, the conversion of the Pagan or idolatrous portion of mankind. It is truly gratifying to contemplate the various movements of moral reform, the many efforts to elevate the condition of man throughout the world at the present time. The Bath Houses for the poor, the Public Reading Rooms, the Peace Societies, and Temperance Associations—and now, a Millenial Convention, having for its object, a brotherly union of the Christian World, are all calculated to gladden the heart of the philanthropist, and to inspire the hope of the friend of his race with new energy in the cause of humanity and religion. There is yet, however, something wanting among the nations. I refer to the Congress or Court of Arbitration, to which all differences between Monarchies or Republics might be referred, and adjusted without a resort to the sword. The history of our race has too carefully guarded against. The many in such cases suffer for the advantage of the few. Let us as you supposed it, almost like a bird's nest concealed among the branches. The large yard in front, at the earnest entreaty of the "girls," had been sown with timothy and clover, instead of corn and potatoes, which the father insisted would have been of a more profitable crop; and two small beds under the front windows were given up to them for flowers They had never even heard of camellias or dahlias, or even a hollyhopper or verbena, and their fond ambition had been confined to the simple wall flowers, the tall hollyhocks, and the thorns of life are often built on sand and rubbish, and then when the cold wind of adversity blows, and the storms of life beat upon them, they crumble to the ground, and wastefully cradle, hope and happiness are buried in the ruins.

Frequently, in passing through the world, are we reminded of this apt comparison, and as we march on to the grave-yard, we stands on warm or many bright hopes and brilliant prospects are wrecked, we hear the sad wail of disappointed family, and of unfortunate duty, imbibed at the side of the sorrowful weeds.

FREEHOLD ESTATE.

There is one great estate belonging to the people of Christendom—an estate which is transmitted to successive generations in right of birth, and is held without ownership and occupation. This estate consists in a debt of more than $3,000,000,000, contracted by the Christian nations in carrying upon the altar of Mars about twenty millions of their subjects and citizens. This is merely the averrage due from the people for the cost of their self-immolation. If it but a tithe of what they have paid on the home altar of their own hearth-stone. Little is generally known of what the people have earned by destroying each other in war. It is a great estate, and it is owned by the juveniles of the present, crime, and wretchedness. Then there is another source of similar income to the people. The China opium trade—the trade of Christendom—exports about $5,000,000,000 annually in preparing for future wars; which, added to the interest of their aggregate war debt, after a few years, rises in the mere blade sum of $7,000,000,000, which has to be raised every year by sinking the condition of the people yet lower in the scale of life. And as the inhabitants of Europe may be put down at $75 a head, from the infant at the cradle to the man tottering into the grave beneath the weight of a hundred years! To pay the principal of this war-debt of Christendom, and the interest on the money in hand, is at least $3 on every inhabitant of the globe! Let the people think of these things.—*Elihu Burrit.*

☞ The monument to the mother of Washington, at Fredericksburg, Va., remains unfinished. The corner stone was laid by ex-President Jackson in 1846, and a contract was made through the mediation of Mr. Horace Binney Sargeant, of New York, with a sculptor, to build it. The contractor died just as it was ready to receive the capstone, which is a large block of marble, and left it there, a huge piece of unpolished marble. Nor is it enclosed.

RATS.—Catch a rat in a wire trap, keep him until night. Then prepare a preparation of phosphorus and flour, as follows: Take one ounce of oil. Apply it all over the rat, except the head, and turn him loose into his hole. Such scampering and gutting out of the house to secure, as his phosphorescent majesty pursues his alarmed friends when he is anxious to overtake, afford certainly a serenity against the return of the depredations for a long season.

CARDS.—Multiply the figure 9 by any other single figure, and the two figures comprising the product, added together, will make 9. Thus 9 multiplied by 4 makes 36, which two figures, added together, make 9.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1846.

TERMS.

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TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

[illegible]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[illegible]

ASSOCIATION.

[illegible]

OUR CALUMNIATORS.

[illegible]

LIMITS OF RIGHTS.

[illegible]

WASHINGTON'S FACE.

[illegible]

STILL THEY COME.

[illegible]

TERMS OF CAPITULATION.

[illegible]

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER.

[illegible]

SANTA FE.

[illegible]

MAKING WAR SUPPORT WAR.

[illegible]

NEW THRESHING MACHINE.

[illegible]

A FISH AND FOWL STORY.

[illegible]

GEN. TAYLOR'S REASONS.

[illegible]

COUNTERFEITERS.

[illegible]

POTATO ROT.

[illegible]

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

[illegible]

USEFUL INVENTION.

[illegible]

DESERTIONS.

[illegible]

PROBABLY OFFICIAL.

[illegible]

LOSS OF THE MEXICANS.

[illegible]

THAMES TUNNEL.

[illegible]

THE BEST YET.

[illegible]

AN ESCAPE.

[illegible]

LARGE HEMP.

[illegible]

DEATH OF HOYT.

[illegible]

SHORT WEIGHT.

[illegible]

MONTEREY.

[illegible]

BORROWING MONEY.

[illegible]

FROM NAUVOO.

[illegible]

WHAT THE ORGAN SAYS.

[illegible]

TEA.

[illegible]

Notices of New Works.

[illegible]

From the Seat of War

LATEST FROM THE ARMY.

ANOTHER VICTORY.

CAPITULATION OF MONTEREY, AFTER THREE DAYS' HARD FIGHTING—FIVE HUNDRED AMERICANS KILLED AND WOUNDED—THREE HUNDRED SUPPOSED TO BE KILLED.

On the 19th of September Gen. Taylor arrived before Monterey with a force of about 6,000 men, and after reconnoitering the city at about 15 or 1600 yards from the Cathedral Fort, during which he was fired upon from its battery, his force was encamped at the Walnut springs, three miles short of the city. This was the nearest position at which the army could obtain a supply of water and bread, without the reach of the enemy's batteries. The remainder of the 19th was occupied by the engineers in making a reconnoisance of the city, batteries and commanding heights.

On the 20th, Gen. Worth was ordered with his division to move by a circuitous route to the right, to gain the Saltillo road beyond the West of the town, to storm the heights above the Bishop's Palace, which vital point the enemy appeared to have strongly fortified. Circumstances caused his halt on the night of the 20th short of the intended position. On the morning of the 21st he continued his route, and after an encounter with a large body of the enemy's cavalry and infantry, supported by artillery from the heights, he repulsed them with loss, and finally encamped covering the passage of the Saltillo road. It was here discovered that besides the fort at the Bishop's Palace and the occupation of the heights above it, two forts on commanding eminences on the opposite side of the Singerein, had been fortified and occupied. These two latter heights were then stormed and carried, the guns of the last fort carried, being immediately directed with a plunging fire upon the Bishop's Palace. On the same morning, the 21st, the first division of regular troops under Gen. Twiggs, and the volunteer division under Gen. Butler, were ordered under arms, to make a diversion to the left of the town, in favor of the important operations of Gen. Worth. The twenty inch mortars and two twenty-four pounds howitzers had been in battery the night of the 20th [illegible]

[illegible]

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS.

[illegible]

The correspondent of the Picayune says:—

"I was expecting to see Gen. Worth rushing his men into unnecessary danger in order to win for them and himself great military fame, but his conduct has been very different from this. His great study has been to gain the commanding points with the least possible sacrifice of life. At first it seemed totally impossible to storm these heights—but it has been done. The Bishop's Palace, which is as strong as it has been represented to be, has been stormed and taken by our brave soldiers."

Pennsylvania Election.

THE ELECTION.

The Election last Tuesday, in Philadelphia City and County terminated, if we may believe the papers of all parties, in the most satisfactory and triumphant manner. Whigs, Natives and Democrats, all gained a most glorious victory, and we are happy in thus being enabled to announce to our readers that the country, so far at least as Philadelphia is concerned, is saved! The returns are as follows:

CITY VOTE FOR MAYOR.

Swift, (W.)	5[illegible]
Vaux, (D.)	34[illegible]2
Brown, (N.)	3161
Scattering,	31

Majority of Swift over the highest opposing candidate 2188.

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Levin, (N.)	3572
Florence, (D.)	3140
Morris, (W.)	2133

Majority of Levin over Florence 432.

SECOND CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

J. R. Ingersoll, (W.)	4459
Stokes, (D.)	2899
Ashmead, (N.)	2437

Majority of Ingersoll over Stokes 1560.

THIRD CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Brown, (D.)	4773*
Hollingshead, (N.)	3852*
Coleman, (W.)	1699*

Majority of Brown over Hollingshead 423.
*All except two precincts.

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

C. J. Ingersoll, (D.)	3866
Littell, (N.)	3419
Conrad, (W.)	2[illegible]

Majority of Ingersoll over Littell, 4[illegible]7

PHILADELPHIA CITY AND COUNTY.

The following is the aggregate vote of the three parties, according to the vote for Canal Commissioner, the fairest test of their strength.

CANAL COMMISSIONER.

	Foster, (Dem.)	Power, (Whig)	Morton, (Native)
City,	3593	5694	2[illegible]
N. Liberties,	2575	1[illegible]	1404
*Spring Garden,	2[illegible]	1174	2[illegible]
Kensington,	1578	703	1[illegible]
Southwark,	1[illegible]	542	2[illegible]
Moyamensing,	1[illegible]	634	[illegible]
Passayunk,	157	4	1[illegible]
Blockley,	179	138	[illegible]
Kingsessing,	96	93	[illegible]
West Philadelphia,	122	35	117
Roxborough,	178	58	87
Manayunk,	235	151	113
North and South Penn,	365	71	2[illegible]
Oxford,	56	71	40
Frankford,	187	231	1[illegible]
Bristol,	114	105	44
Dublin,	230	30	1[illegible]
Byberry and Moreland,	87	61	[illegible]
Germantown,	351	341	307
Unin. N. Liberties,	341	150	123
	14,8[illegible]	11,545	1[illegible]

Majority of Morton over Power, [illegible]

VOTE FOR SHERIFF IN CITY AND COUNTY.

[illegible]

CONGRESSIONAL TICKET.

[illegible]

RETURNS FROM THE STATE.

[illegible]

MEMBERS OF CONGRESS ELECTED.

[illegible]

LEGISLATURE.

[illegible]

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Received of *John Adams*, Esq., Post Master at this place, ten dollars in payment of subscription to the United States Saturday Morning Post, from which I have deducted one per cent. as charged agreed with the owners; thus paid me in my accounts with the Government. The Post Master at Philadelphia will pay the same to the Publishers, on the presentation of this (Signed) *James Jordan*, Post Master.

By the same mode of acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

Post Office, Mahon, Pa., September 15, 1845.

To the Post Master at Philadelphia:

SIR.—I have this day received from *John Adams*, two dollars in consideration of subscription to the "United States Saturday Post," with which I have charged myself in my accounts with the Government, agreeably to the Post Office regulations.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can transmit, by the mail, bills of solvent banks in payment or subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Local Intelligence.

HEAVY STORM.

This city and neighborhood were visited on Tuesday last, about five, with one of the severest storms it has ever been our privilege to walk abroad in. It commenced about two o'clock in the morning, and continued with but little intermission for about one o'clock in the afternoon, when the wind which had been steadily increasing, began to relieve a tremendous gale from the northeast. From that hour up to four o'clock, the storm exceeded in violence any thing experienced in this vicinity for years, and there can be no doubt that we shall have to record lamentable results to vessels on our coast that were caught in the gale.

The tide on the Delaware, driven in by the force of the wind, was almost at high water mark at 7 o'clock, when, according to the calculation of Almanacs have been only low water. *Before* 9 o'clock it had overflowed many of the wharves, especially between Chesnut and Market streets.

The damage done in all directions to everything inconsequential, was very great. Sheds, boards, outbuildings and tenementaries, awnings, trees, and, we believe, in some instances, chimneys were dashed to the ground.

The most serious damage, however, we have heard of, was that done to St. Michael's Church in Consequence, the roof was literally torn off, and through the combined influence of the wind and rain. This Church was not quite finished, but the walls were of great strength, and the building is likely to prove a work, or two ago, and the building lately repaired to be a substantial one. It is now a ruin heap, the gallery having fallen in with the fall of the back wall.

At Wilmington, Delaware, also, we learn the storm was very severe, and flooded the meadows to the low grounds around that city, to a depth of four or more.

Numbers of the cattle in the meadows were drowned, and some families had to be swum off from their houses on horses.

General News.

JOSIAH CROCKER AT WASHINGTON.—The Washington Indiana and the Government Commissioners had a conference on Wednesday week, at Washington. The Intelligencer says:

The Conference was of a highly interesting character. Little Chief distinguished himself again by his shrewdness, tact, energy, and graceful gesticulation. We have taken notes of the remarks made by Mr. Pierce and Col. Aber, on the part of the Government, and by Little Hill, (as given by the interpreter, whom, however, we imperfectly know,) but we can scarcely state the substance of them.

The Government Commissioners offer the Winnebagoes 400,000 acres of land north of the Fox River and west of the Mississippi. They also offer the Indians $150,000 in cash or annuities. The, Mr. Pierce, certainly, would give $200,000 instead of 100 acres to cultivate or hunt upon in a country where game was abundant and the land good.

Mr. Pierce stated that the land of the tribes in the Winnebagoes numbered about five thousand persons, and now they were only about twenty-four hundred, owing chiefly to the use of spirituous liquors amongst them, which the Government had done all within its power to prevent, but which they (the Winnebagoes) had determined to permit. Little Hill remarked that $200,000 had been offered by Josiah Crocker, but he (Little Hill) thought it was a small business for their great Father now to offer them less, when they were in such circumstances. They had just received a payment of more than $300,000 in money and $100,000 in land, to be vested by the Government, and to this they would allow Little Hill remarked that he had a large mind and one tongue, and he appealed to the great spirit for the truth and sincerity of all that he had said.

Mr Pierce said, in reply, that the Commissioners had no power to add to their offer, and must refer to the Winnebagoes, but he would submit their proposition to the President, who, however, he thought, would not be disposed to offer what the Commissioner had tendered.

GOVERNMENT CIRCULARS.—Two of these are published in the last Union. One is from the Secretary of the War Department, and notifies all concerned that moneys due to Indians will not be paid to persons holding powers of attorney from the Indians. There are agents appointed by the Government to attend to the business of the Indians, and these persons must be the medium of all communications with the Government. By the power of attorney system the Indians are grossly defrauded.

The other circular is addressed especially to agents of the Indian department, and calls their particular attention to the oil and ill sections of an act which amending the duties on public money, in which changes and notes are required to be made up and render their accounts quarterly, &c. See act of 1845.

A SERVANT HANGING A MAN.—The Cincinnati Gazette (Ia.) Times of the 26 instant, contains the particulars of a trial at Attica, on the Wabash and Erie Canal, in which the Sheriff of the county, Mr. Ewing, acted as said to have figured conspicuously. The Honorable gentleman executed a young man by the name of McDonald, Mr. Ewing, the Sheriff, found another who was attempting to draw the last drowned man from the water. This second man was enabled in the melee, though he is a cripple to escape. The quarrel was between the people of Attica and Covington.

SUNDAY LAW.—A Sunday School in Scottsborough, Ky., was recently disturbed by the keeper of a neighboring grogshop, who rushed in and threatened to whip the superintendent. He was tried before a justice's jury and acquitted on the ground that a *Sunday School is not a religious meeting!*

SLAVERY.—In the State who attempted to murder the Cashier of the Lancaster Bank, has been sentenced to two days solitary confinement and 15 years hard labor in the State Prison.

☞ Dry weather is much complained of by the farmers of Maryland. In Kent the ground never was drier—the pastures are failing, and the wheat needs rain very much.

AN ARKANSAS JUDGE.—The Arkansas Banner contains an address to Judge William Conway, signed by twenty members of the bar, in which, after stating that his migratory life precluded the possibility of ascertaining where a private letter would reach him, and complaining of the delays of justice occasioned by his failure to attend to his duties, they request him to resign his office, in order that it may be filled by some one who will discharge its duties.

FUGITIVE TREASURE.—The New York Convention has determined upon the following:

That from all United States Treasury of every description, be abandoned; *saving and excepting, however, all treasure and moneys now deposited in the Sub-Treasury at present been lawfully created or received.*"

The italic part was an amendment to the original Report, proposed by Mr. Simmons, and agreed upon by a large majority.

DISCHARGED.—The officers and crew of the brig Ontario, who were under examination before the United States Commissioner Woodbury at Boston, on suspicion of having been connected with the slave trade, were discharged last Saturday, sufficient evidence of the charge to make out a prima facie case not having been brought against them.

Political Intelligence.

MARYLAND ELECTION.—The returns from the whole State of Maryland give the following result:

SENATE.—The Senate consists of twenty-one members, one-third of whom are elected every second year. There were nine Senators elected this year, seven of whom that had engaged seats for two terms. Of these nine Senators, five are Whigs, five Democrats, holding over, nine Whigs, three Democrats; total Senate Whigs eight Democrats.

House of Delegates—The House of Delegates consists of eighty-two members. The following is the result: Whigs fifty-three—Whig fifty-three. Democrats, twenty-five; Independent, four; Whig majority, twenty-four, which is twenty more than last year.

Biennial Sessions.—The returns of the vote on the Biennial Session Bill are very incomplete. We give but only the following counties:

	For the Bill.	Against it.
Anne Arundel,	711	9345
Baltimore City,	6,811	7,464
" County,	1,420	1,572
	8,901	11,359

Supposed county is reported to have given 1,500 majority for the Bill; Carroll a small majority against it.

VERMONT.—The new Legislature of Vermont convened at Montpelier on Thursday. Pitts, assistant, and the Senate was organized by choosing Hon. Jonas T. Hodges, of Rutland county, President, and D. W. C. Clarke, of Burlington, Secretary. Hodges (Whig) 32; Viles (Dem.) 6; Seat 5, (the two candidates). In the House, Hon. Chas. E. Rogers, of Brandon, was chosen Speaker, and F. F. Merrill, Esq., Clerk. (Briggs 112; C. B. Hadington Dem. 94. Scattering 4. A majority of the whole vote is 107.

The following result:

	Governor.	Lieut. Governor.
Whig,	John Young.	Hamilton Fish.
Anti-Rentors.	John Young.	Hamilton Fish.
Native,	Ogden Edwards.	George Folsom.
Abolition,	H. Bradley.	W. L. Chapin.
Democratic,	Silas Wright.	Addison Gardiner.

GEORGIA.—The returns of the election in this State for members of Congress, are so decisive in favor of the democratic party that there can be no doubt the correctness of giving the vote in each county. In the first district, Hon. T. B. King, Whig, is elected over Gen. Stephens, Democrat, by a majority of 1,500. In the third, the contest is rather close between Jones, Whig, and Towns, Dem. The fourth will re-elect Haralson, Dem.; the 5th, Lumpkin, Dem., and the sixth, Cobb, Dem., although in each there is a Whig gain, but not enough to effect the result. The seventh district returns Stanford, Whig, and the eighth, Toombs, Whig, by increased majorities.

ILLINOIS.—It appears that Hezekiah Williams, Dem., is elected in the 7th District of Maine by the following vote

	Pike. W.	Williams, D.	Scat.
Washington co.	1010	1035	316
Hancock,	1161	1074	113
Lincoln,	396	736	50
Washington,	324	702	29
Total,	3091	4547	708

DELAWARE ELECTION.—Sussex county has given a Democratic majority of 74. The Whig majority in Kent and Newcastle is 359. Whig majority in the State 131.

Items of News.

ASSESSMENT OF THE NEW YORK CANTS.—The Commissioners of Assessment have, having discharged the high duties for which it was created, adjourned last Friday week. The Convention has been in session for 20 days. The first, question, shall the Constitution be submitted to the people for their ratification, was taken up on 10th June 6. We have not room to enter into the discussions of that week. It had agreed to adjourn at the time then stated, but afterward rescinded the resolution.

MURDER IN MISSISSIPPI.—We learn, says the Louisville Journal, that Colonel Francis and Claiborne Harrod, of Jackson county, met in the woods a few days since, in which persons they should settle the difficulty which had existed for some time between them, at the same time throwing off his coat, Harrod drew his rifle, deliberately cocked it, and raising his rifle, deliberately shot him through the body. Harrod has made his escape.

PARADE CORP.—John Riordon, who has just arrived in this country is anxious to hear from his brother Patrick Riordon, who landed in New York about six years since, and is supposed to be somewhere in the Western country. A letter directed to Philadelphia, P. O., giving any information in regard to said Daniel will be very thankfully received.—Sept. 6, 1845—*Lowell Patriot.*

FIT FOR A KING.—The Governor, at its last meeting, learned to an interesting paper going to show that Columbus first discovered Turks Island and not Watlings Island, as has been stated in the course of his remarks. indulged in some quite free criticisms upon the accuracy of Washington living as a man of wealth. He stated that honorable gentleman was sitting at his elbow.

NEW YORK.—Value of real estate, $187,480,; assessed value of real estate, $177,207,900 (31 per cent.); $2,787,207 95. The total increase of personal estate $1,346,057 00; making a total increase of $4,156,300 00. Total valuation in County, $344,-861 71.

SUCCESSORS.—A list of the new experimental steamer just finished at Wilmington, Del., has given by the name of McDonald, Mr. Ewing, the Sheriff, found another who was attempting to draw the last drowned man from the water. This second man was enabled in the melee, though he is a cripple to escape. The quarrel was between the people of Attica and Covington.

SUNDAY LAW.—A Sunday School in Scottsborough, Ky., was recently disturbed by the keeper of a neighboring grogshop, who rushed in and threatened to whip the superintendent. He was tried before a justice's jury and acquitted on the ground that a *Sunday School is not a religious meeting!*

SLAVERY.—In the State who attempted to murder the Cashier of the Lancaster Bank, has been sentenced to two days solitary confinement and 15 years hard labor in the State Prison.

☞ Dry weather is much complained of by the farmers of Maryland. In Kent the ground never was drier—the pastures are failing, and the wheat needs rain very much.

THE ARTIST GALE.—The Boston Journal of Saturday last says, Mr. Gale, the artist, whose recent disappearance has excited much sympathy in this community, in consequence of letters, which he had written, declaring his disgust with the world, and an intention to commit suicide, has, it is stated been seen and recognized in New York.

SUSQUEHANNA AND TIDE WATER CANAL.—On the 6th instant the receipts from tolls on this work were only $720 short of the amount received up to the same time in 1845, although the opening of the canal this year was delayed two months by the extraordinary spring freshet.

Total,	1,454,000

COFFEE—Two cargoes of Rio coffee together, 6560 bags, are reported sold at 7½c. 4m. and are mostly sold holders first. Sales of 1200 bags Rio at 7½c[illegible]; 700 Laguayra 7¾c[illegible], and 350 St. Domingo at 8¼c per lb, all 4 and 6 mos. Arrived 2100 bags.

COFFEE—Sales of shooting at 83c per lb, 6 mos.

DUTY ON Prune have advanced in price for a while a week, but the demand has become less active; sales of 170 bales, comprising Upland at 8 to 11, and New Orleans and Mobile at 9¼ to 11c per lb, cash and time.

BROWN SUGAR—Sales of soda ash at 5c, 4m.; crushed 11¼, and Sicily Spermine at 14¼c per lb, on time.

FEATHERS—Sales of 64,000 lbs good western at 32 cts per lb, cash.

FLOUR—The demand continues moderate for sales, and prices have further declined. Sales of 1000 barrels Genesee and in bulk at $5.75 per bbl, cash and time.

GRAIN—The demand continues moderate for sales, and prices have further declined. Sales of 1000 bush

Selected Poetry.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

BY R. P. WILLIS.

I sometimes feel as I could
All tones of mankind hear outbreathed,
As if "some wrong to their cause" were done,
Or "some right" were won,
To think their souls should be so fair,
So beautiful and bright a thing,
That nature should count forth and crow
Such glorious opposites!

That sky, sea, air, should love and glow
With light, and love, and brilliancy,
And yet men never feel or know
How much a God of love must be,
How deep those tints of decking are,

I've seen the sun go down in light,
Like floods of gold poured on the slope—
When every tree and flower was bright,
And every pulse was beating high.
And the full soul was gushing too,
And longing for its home above—
And then, when man won't see, I've,
To the high home of thought and evil—
When life's day-thoughts are closed over
And the free spirit opens control—
Then have I seen, oh, how my heart
Is bowing with the chosen I feel,
That truth is in the words I speak,
I've seen my fellow-creatures sent
Away to their undiscovered world;
As if the mediator I did send,
Were all that they could feel or share,
And gracious Heaven's unexpressed worth
Their passing notice or their care.

I've said I was a worshipper
In nature's all-serene—I've seen there
Too fresh resurrections of delight,
And when I descended—I've just had caught
The radiance of that holy light
Which makes earth beautiful and bright—
That open eye of their Maker send,
And rosy lips look'd eloquence—
Oh, I have inquir'd and wept to find
Beneath it all, a stifling mind.

I was in one of those high halls,
Where human beings are sculptured state,
Where studied light in ordinary falls
On peaceful statues. There were seen
Where busts of five and hands of skill
Had wrought each—and—but they spoke
To me in every feature still,
And fresh Type breath'd and dark eyes woke,
And every lineament and bright—
The aim—the existing fair—all seem'd
Like life surprising, but in proof
"Father, forgive them,"—all was there!
I turned in hatred—I fled,
And spoke of Jesus. I had thought
His feelings were all worship for
For woman's heart I knew was fraught
With pending sympathies. She gav'e
A moment's contemplation,
Then coldly curled her lip and praised
The high priest's [illegible]. Cold it be
That look was meant, dear Lord, for thee!

Oh, what is woman—what her smile—
Her lip of love—her eyes of light—
What is she, if her lips refrain
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
Her name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her coats of pier—
The light spring flowers may scarcely bow
Beneath her step, and yet—and yet—
Without that wonder grace she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity.

Salmagundi.

ASKING ADVICE.

[The following correspondence occurred a couple of years ago; but for printing it is just as good as new. The gentleman addressed by letter is a lawyer, and an merchant in a city of the East, who had perhaps had many similar applications addressed to him by strangers, and possibly felt a little teased.]

DEAR SIR—A friend of mine, Mr. T. has forwarded me with your name, and if not asking too much, may I ask you to give me the following information?

He is about to embark for Hong Kong, China, with a cash capital of $6,000, (eight thousand dollars.) In that amount of capital sufficient to establish himself in the commission business there, and do a respectable amount? or if it is not enough, what sum would be, not expecting to do a very large amount at first?

Can a man enter into the business with a proper credit, and alone work himself into a fair share, and how is the business done there?

What does it consist of, and where? and with whom would he make his transactions? from whom get his orders, and where? or must he buy on his own account and ship, himself?

Would it be necessary to have letters of credit from home? any bank, or mercantile house well known house.

Are there warehouses and other conveniences of the kind there, necessary for the transaction of business? What is the expense in the way of rent, &c.?

Is Hong Kong healthy? state what are the diseases there, and what the epidemics?

What are the conveniences for living, married or single? is there good society there?

State minutely what kind of goods would be a good shipment there—the prices, &c.

What are the results of shipments of provisions, and what kind would be best?

In fine, what is the English? What is the nature and result of transacting business in Hong Kong?

You are well aware of most what information, man about to start, wants, from A to Z; and I would be pleased to have suggestions of your own, if it will be no inconvenience with any operations you or your friends may have. It will be taken as a great favor if you will give the information, and oblige

Yours,

Dear Sir.—Your favor is received, and I shall no copy this winter in answering a few of your general questions, reserving details for a more leisure year.

His $6,000 would go very far (round the Cape) towards establishing your young friend permanently at Hong Kong—more than he would need it, do great upon the strength of his constitution, and the goodness of his arm with Cook's revolving pistols.

He would probably get such business very fast and as to co-partners, he would doubtless own him self soon into the glorious company of the Martyrs. Sojourn is done chiefly by night, because the Custom House offices, the Police, and the sun, are too dangerous by day. His "first transactions" would be with the Doctor, whose conduct he would have to take for colonel by the pound.

If he survives the Doctor, his next would be with the gang of robbers, who have, by virtue of custom, an acknowledged right to plunder, maim and murder, between merchants and marines.

As to shipping, he would be very lucky if he lived long enough to *ship himself off.*

Combining all considerations from above, you had better prepare him to get *credit for black.*

Diseases—The most usual are bowel-complaints, yellow ague, liver complaint, small pox, and the plague—but they though bad of their kinds, are thought little of, compared with the national epidemic—the Hong Kong fever, which combines the worst features of all the others.

The "conveniences of living" are so little needed, that nobody thinks of providing for them; but you will be pleased to learn that thumbyanks are plenty and hanging cheap, because it is done by wholesale.

Families served extra cheap, especially those entirely single as advantage over single blessedness.

I would therefore suggest that your young friend marry a widow with seven children.

The society consists of the Governor and Council, the wreck of a black regiment, one bankrupt merchant, two tavern keepers, a bell-ringer and grave digger, and many of smugglers and robbers, end o very select.

The "best kinds of goods" suitable for market, are rum, opium, Cole's specimens, horse hairns, assortment of hatters cuttet to regues of all sizes, and some soft pretty-ning ones for ventilating ar-colee. A few artificial eyes and noses to supply the places of those cut off by the robbers, would do well; they should be packed in cotton, to keep cright.

No "provisions" required, as blue pills and camphor-form the sole diet of the new settlers.

If your young friend or his cautious mother want any more "information" (or pretense), they would have time by writing to Charles Dickens, author of Martin Chuzzlewit's voyage to Boz.

Yours, very obediently,

STICK TO IT.

In Lunenburg County, Va., there resided sixty years ago one Squire Collins, who was, as they termed it, "a go-*d liver*," and in his immediate neighborhood or/ *lief* times, who was a very poor man. At the short period, Jeff had been appointed by the successive of life, and had borrowed most from Squire Collins, and from all the neighbors, under the promise that as soon as he killed his hog he would return the most he borrowed of them. He had borrowed more than a hog from the Squire, and so much so was hogs from the others. The morning of the day that Jeff intended killing his hog he went over to the Squire's, and says he to the Squire, "You know the time has come round for me to kill my hog, and I can't pay you all, so I come, as I ever must of it to, to know what I must do?" Now, the Squire possessed a good deal of cunning, and was not disposed to be outdone, so he advised Jeff to kill and scald his hog, and keep it up under the peach tree in his yard—then get up about midnight and take it away—next morning the ground 1st loss be borrowed of and tell them that he killed and scalded his hog, long it up in his yard under the peach tree, and that some person had come there and stole the hog, and he had nothing to pay them with. "Then," says the Squire, "the people you borrowed some from will pay you and let you off; but mind, Jeff, you must stick to what you say." "I will, Squire," said Jeff. Jeff killed his hog, scalded it, and hung it up under the peach tree. The Squire had been watching his movements, and was determined not to be a loser by Jeff, soon as it was dark he got up, the Squire got into his yard and carried off the hog. The next morning Jeff called on the people that I knew, and said to the Squire, you know yesterday afternoon I killed my hog and after scalding him, hung him up under the peach tree, and you think nobody didn't come and steal him, sure enough." "That's right," said the Squire, "you are doing very well. Mind, and stick to it, you—no! no! no!—but, Squire, them ain't no joke about it—I will I may be hung if they ain't gone and stole the hog." "Exactly," said the Squire, "stick to it, Jeff, and they will believe you—stick to it, Jeff."—*N. O. Delta.*

Humorous Sketch.

FROM THE ST. LOUIS REVEILLE.

A YANKEE IN A COAL SCREEN.

BY JOE MILLER, JR.

In order to lend the coal boats on the Lehigh Canal, a short but steep inclined plane of about one hundred and fifty feet in length, is made at the canal which runs from a station house on the side of the mountain, to a large circular revolving screen. To the loaded car is attached a rope which descends to an empty car, and, arrived at the screen, the lower end of the car is suddenly unhooked, and the coal is shot with great velocity into a hopper; this conveys it directly into the screen, which then makes the shocking, horrible, rattling noise as the coal is rudely rubbled out, and shot, by scrappers, into just as many boats, waiting for different descriptions of the article.

A few months ago a Yankee, quite loquacious, but more verdant than a Yankee should be, gained the station-house, and gazed with wonder at the contrivances. He particularly admired the ease and rapidity with which the loaded car descended and emptied its load, and the velocity with which it returned to give place to another.

Shortly his attention was attracted by seeing a laborer mount one of the full cars about to make the descent.

"Going to slide?" inquired he.

"Yes, going to work you pay?"

"Wal, I guess I'll step a bit, and see how you do it."

The car swiftly descended; and, ere it reached the hopper, the passenger jumped off safely.

"Do you do that often?" inquired he of one of the laborers in the station house.

"Oh, you, continually," was the waggish answer, "you know most all the boatmen are single men, and they often take a ride down the screen; we always send down a married man with every car of coal, but I don't like to do it."

"Wall, now, do tell," uttered the eastern man.

The more the Yankee looked at the apparatus, the more he did he become convinced that it would be a great thing to go down the steep in that way—something that he could tell "to home."

Reckoning up courage, he approached the superintendent.

"That boots cloddin down hill, don't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You couldn't let a feller go down, could you?"

"Why, do you think you can jump off in time?"

"Oh, yes, I'm one by natural considerable of a jumper—jumpin done me good; I once jumped off a hay mow twenty feet high, and I kinder see no ought you I'm give in to be the best dancer in the hull township."

"Well, get on, and take care of yourself."

Suddenly the car moved off, and our friend found the speed so fearful, and the declivity so great, that he could not summon a single note upon the key of his vehicle for support. The place where the laborer had leaped off was reached, but the Yankee was not in the position to jump; he had held on, and, running down a descent three times as steep as that which he went down, the sudden click shut the hatch, and, with a violent force, which burst the contents, Yankee included, into the hopper.

"Murder! get me out! stop the concern!" shouted our hero, as he felt himself sliding down the hopper to the cylinder. "Murder! stop the concern—I is done for!" But the motive power of "the concern" was water, which had no sympathy with those who pursue knowledge under difficulties, and those who were too distant and too much in the way to render assistance. In the screen the unfortunate Yankee was tossed to and fro, and our friend's sensibilities were touched up by a plentiful shower of fine coal dust riddled through the holes in the cylinder. His mouth became put over open, and saw with delight that the cylinder was only about fifteen feet in length, and he hoped his way lay toward in the opening with impatience, but it was not altogether successful; another revolution of the wheel had put to be borne, and the next time he reached the bottom he was shot out of the scupper into the boat beneath. To the screams of laughter with which his advent was hailed, our hero said not a word, but, getting out an old handkerchief, rubbed the dust out of his eyes, and, scraping his hair upward and behind, haltered, scratched and cut loose, he "cruised his vein," to know as what quality of excitement he had been denied—when, something his removal of a bad seen his eyes, he stamped off, muttering, "broken and screwed, by thunder!"

Our Scrap Book.

THE MULLET.

M. R. G. Cooke, in a valuable paper on the fishes of Cornwall, published in the *Zoologist*, mentions the following peculiarity of the mullet, which would seem to be of a higher degree of sagacity and tenacity in fishes than they are generally supposed to possess:—The usual mode of taking the mullets is by anchoring them in the deep water, and driving them on shore. At sacs, however, as they find that the net is approaching, they assemble together, and the largest of the shoal generally takes the lead in every subsequent undertaking. Thus guided, every portion of the net is carefully examined, and if a hole is found, through it they all make their escape. If unsuccessful in this, the best of the net is at length reached by the lead, but the trial is in vain, and many are rambled in the attempt. Baffled at all points, they retire to the bottom of the net, and remain quiet for one part of the net to another, to discover a means of escape. Order, however, as if by unanimous consent, is soon established, and the largest of the shoal generally takes the lead in every subsequent undertaking. Thus guided, every portion of the net is carefully examined, and if a hole is found, through it they all make their escape. If unsuccessful in this, the best of the net is at length reached by the lead, but the trial is in vain, and many are rambled in the attempt. Baffled at all points, they retire to the bottom of the net, and remain quiet for one part, and after a short time the leader cries audibly to the ranks, and, followed by all the others, throws itself over into the water, and thus they effect their escape. It is an exceedingly interesting sight to see them thus make a series of efforts for a given object, adapting them in succession, as if by reason. The fishermen are now in the habit of scattering straw along the inner margin of the bunge; the fish, deceived by this, throw themselves over the edge of the straw, but, alas! again fall within the enclosure; and leaving once landed, they never renew the attempt.

EFFECT OF PAVEMENTS UPON HEALTH.

The causes of disease, which are being investigated so extensively at the present time, are unconsciously forced to the most remote origin. It would enter the minds of few that pavements, which are constructed mostly for the convenience of transit in crowded cities, are promotives of ill-health; but such has recently been proved. "The corporation of Liverpool, having recently paved the courts and alleys of that town, it has been found that the health of the people residing in them has considerably improved, and that deaths are less frequent. This led to further inquiry, and attention was directed to six of the worst courts in Liverpool. Of these, Mr. Carr of the southern dispensary remarks, that they were formerly so notoriously unhealthy, that the medical attendant was hardly ever out of them; and when any epidemic visited the town, them places exhibited their results in perfection the surface being in a most disgraceful state, covered with pools of water, with putrid matter, as the inhabitants were compelled to place large stones at intervals, to enable them to reach their houses by stepping from one to another. It is also stated by Mr. Samuel Holme that, in Freemason's Row, he found, about two years ago, a court of houses, the front of which were below the general street, and the area of the whole court was a floating mass of diluted animal and vegetable matter, as dreadfully offensive that he was obliged to hold his handkerchief to his nose; yet the whole of the houses were inhabited! Since the court has been paved, Mr. Holme says that the change in the health of the inhabitants has been more remarkable than what may have been anticipated. Two courts, Back Pitt-street, which contains eighteen houses, the cases of sickness were eighteen before, to bear after the flags were laid down. In Back Pitt-street, the proportion is five cases now to twenty-eight in former years; and, as far as observation has been accurate, which it has been to fifty-seven houses, the courts of which have been paved, no single case has come to the knowledge of the surgeon, paving only sixteen have been under care. The obvious effect of smoothing causeways, by means of flags or other pavement, is that they can be kept with such inequalities as form receptacles for the stagnant water left by rain, and the offals of feed, with which in the poor courts and alleys are also their residences. The malaria thus produced is productive of ague, and other painful and fatal diseases. It is therefore the duty of the man of science who have the charge of these conditions of human life to see that they are well-paved, not only for the convenience of pedestrians, but for the health of the public.—*Chamber's Journal.*

THE "CAMEL" AND THE "NEEDLE'S EYE."—Lord Nugent, in his recent publication, "Lands Classical and Sacred," has given an explanation of the words which at once proves the fitness of the expression for the object of our Saviour's use. Lord Nugent describes himself as about to walk out of Hebron through the large gate, when his companions, seeing a train of camps approaching, advised him to go through "the eye of the needle;" in other words, the small side gate. This has been the common use in the Eastern countries since the missionary of our Saviour's words; for, he adds, the camptor cannot cannot pass through, unless with great difficulty, and stripped of his load, his trappings, and his merchandise.

COAL GAS AND COMPOSITE SUPERCEDED.—We learn that Mr. Jobard, following out a hint of Sir Humphrey Davy, has ascertained that water may be made the means of a cheap illumination. It is decomposed by a very simple process, and fur nishes a beautiful light. It is said that the cost of daily mixed with water in a retort, will furnish the light of ten candles for twenty hours. The discovery has been made the event till the close of the time when it would certainly have been for his publicly interest to keep again changed alone and when he would also have had many and high attaples to countenance him in so doing. It was to be hoped that after the above "short and simple flux" that he first appeared in the character of a dramatist, which he afterwards continued by the repulsive "Dick Tarleton," he would have effect at this time was his play entitled, "The Duke of Guise." It was in the "Annie Mrubbin," however, which appeared in 1647, that his genius first broke forth with any promise of that full effulgence of which it eventually seemed. It is with the appearance of this piece too that he may be properly said to have entered upon authorship as a profession—and from that event till the close of his career, his life may be described as having been but one long literary labor, scarcely ever relieved by any considerable interval of repose. We cannot have go over in detail the names and dates of his manifold productions: but we may merely observe that in less than twenty-eight years after the appearance of considerable length, besides many minor effusions, and several volumes of poetical translation from the German, Spanish, Greek, Latin, Lucretius, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and Virgil, together with no small number of essays on critical and miscellaneous subjects, he left behind him the siege of dedications, prefaces, and other more elaborate acquisitions, attest the wonderful industry as well as the singular fertility of his mind. Such incessant exertions were so far from exhausting his genius, that his powers continued not only to do their work with unimpaired elasticity, but even apparently to gather new vigor and dexterity to the last. His celebrated "Alexander's Feast," and his ode on Mrs. Anne Killigrew, the latter, translations indeed, in so far as the incidents are concerned, from Boccaccio and Chaucer, were both executed in Westminster Abbey, in a grave coat (the finishing touch) was a written when the illustrious Dryden counted at the head of the school to which he belongs, which, however is not that of the high by imagination, but rather that of the intense, energetic, and pointed, in being and expression. Pope who is to be classed as, in many respects, his pupil, and who was certainly a man of very different genius and tastes of diction, and his wit, also, if not more brilliant, is certainly more refined and examined; but he has not approached Dryden either in the rich and varied music of his verse, or in the confidently of his indignant declamation; or in the exquisitely fine and easy flow of his lighter discursive passages. There is nothing, indeed, more perfect in the language than Dryden's reasoning in rhyme.

For the Ladies.

WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

I have speculated a great deal upon matrimony. I have seen young men marry for money, for the sake of gay circles, married, as the world says—well! I have seen them married into costly houses, and some friends have all come and looked at their fine furniture and splendid arrangements for happiness, and they have gone away and declared them to be the sumptuous hopes cheerfully and without fear. It is natural to be suspicious for the young, and at such times I can excuse a sage by nature, whose very love to get unobserved into a corner and watch the bride in her attire, and with her smiling face and soft eyes moving before me in the room, and she weave a waking dream over her future happiness, and personally myself that it will be so. I think how they will sit upon the luxurious sofa as the twilight falls, and build gay hopes and manner in all moving like queens, and beautiful enchantments of thrillingly the allowed aisle, and the beautiful endearments of wedded life will make even their partings, sweet, and gladly they will come back from the crowd and the empty mirth of the gay to each other's quiet company. I pretend to myself that they will never have a word of unkindness, but that tasting cares, listening eagerly for his footsteps as the night steals on, and wishing that he would come; and when he comes at last, I think of all attention as nothing in his fondness, I can see in his manner. I can see the rest of the time gone flowing through his heart, and even with him on her gentle form, as she moves about him for the kind offices of affection, looking all the while more and more like herself, and making him forget even himself in her young and unshadowed beauty.

I go forward to old age for years, and see her breast hair put softly away from her brow, and her golden graces ripened into dignity, and her bright eye mellowed into tenderness by the steadiness of maternal affection. Her husband looks on her with a proud eye, and remembers her the same beautiful and the delicate attentions which first won her, and fair children are growing up about them, and they are so full of their present undivided years, and are remembered when they die!

I say I love to dream thus when I go to give the young bride joy. It is the natural tendency of feeling touched by loveliness, that fears nothing for itself; and if any I yield to darkened feelings, it is that they are for another, and that the picture is changed. I am not fond of dwelling upon such changes, and I will not minutely now. I allude to it only because I have that my simple page will be read by some of the young and beautiful beings who daily shove their path; and I would willingly point them in they glide by joyously and confidently, the secret of an unclouded future.

The picture I have drawn above is not peculiar. It is colored like the leaves of the bride; and many, oh! many an home will rise at, with her rich jewels lying loose in her fingers, and dream such dreams as these. "the holiness then love—and she goes on for a while undetected. The evening is not too long while they talk of plans for future happiness, and the quiet meal is still a pleasant and delightful season of mutual relations and attention. There are no interruptions, and the evening passes, and it becomes less and unwelcome, and slight attentions will not steer long up the social excitement. There are long intervals of silence, and then the sad feeling of weariness, and the husband, first, in his manhood, breaks in upon the hours they were wont to spend together. I cannot follow it circumstantially. Then come long hours of unhappy unobserved, and wretched days of such other's worst and best feelings, till by and bye, they cease to control their unbalanced as longer, and go out separately to seek relief, and then comes the bridge with the support, and the one who has promised to be their lover and friend could not give them!

Shall rule be given, who are winning, by your innocent beauty, the affection of high-minded and thinking beings. Remember that he will give up the love of his heart, if he finds that he has not ever a ill-lovership of mind, the society of his contemporary riomers is a race of fame, who have held with him a firm companionship, and honestly in his passionate love, he will break away from the arms of his burning ambition, to come and listen to the "voice of the charmer." It will terrible him at first; but it will not long. And then, think you that an idle Mandfulness will chain the mind that has been used for years to an equal communion? Think you he will give up, for a weak dalliance, the delicious and high converse which opens into the mysteries of knowledge? Oh, no, lady! believe me, no! Trust not your influence to such light hands. Could not the old philosopher have told the woman's is a secondary lot, ministering to the necessities of her lord and master. If your immediate wants are complete, and your heart is not made an ours, I would charge you to water the sunlight, and give it a beautiful flower to bear to the sun; and then you may hope that when your life is bound with another's, you will go on equally, and be confidently that will prove a very earthly interest.—*N. P. Willis.*

Beautiful Poem.

FROM THE BOSTON JOURNAL.

THE COMING DAYS.

BY J. W. LINTON.

Air—"The Days When We Went Gipsying.

Oh, the days when we are freemen all, whenever they shall be,
Will dwell in the world's memory as the days when we were free.
When men rose his fellow man, whatever may befall,
Holds out the palm of fellowship, and Love is lord of all.
Oh, the days when we are freemen all, when Love's the way go,
And the dayspt of youthful joy eclipse the sorrow long ago.

Oh, the days when we are freemen all, when equal rights and laws
Shall rule the broad commonwealth of earth, amid a world's applause;
When each right nation and desire claim by nature on the Island, when everybody else looked on him as one for at least three years. He then asked him if he had anything to offer in mitigation of his sentence.

"Well, I guess not," replied the hopeful youth, "and if I had, I don't think it would be of much use, but look here, judge, and mark! I'll tell you what I'll do—*I'll just go you hoss or rain another to shall be a year or nothing.*"

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 3, 10, 14, 4, 7, 12, is a river in Sweden.
My 10, 9, 16, 12, 1, 2, 3, is a river in Russia.
My 5, 2, 3, 4, 3, is a town in Hindostan.
My 11, 16, 2, 5, 3, is a river in Mexico.
My 7, 14, 15, 2, 6, is a river in Portugal.
My 3, 12, 13, 3, 4, 10, 7, 1, is one of the United States.
My 9, 10, 7, 8, 10, 6, is a river in Africa.
My 6, 10, 9, 10, 8, 11, 2, 13, is an island on the coast of the United States.
My 1, 2, 4, 9, 13, 16, 5, is a town in Mexico.
My whole is a river in Europe.

Richmond, Va. MARTHA.

RIDDLE.

Though but small my size and figure,
Yet I am in general use;
To every human being desirable,
To all happiness conducive.

No delight exists without me;
I attend alike the rich and poor,
Also grace the shepherd's lonely cot,
And the prince's luxury out.

From a gracious king I'm banish'd;
In his court I'm never seen;
But I work unbidden days
Daily wait upon a queen.

I belong to men of learning,
Dwell with priests, nuns, and sexes;
Yet to every simple blockhead
I my friendship will bestow.

I can rove in amusement,
Deal in wonder and surprise;
Revive an almost dying spirit,
Yet I'm less before your eyes.

RIDDLE.

Perfect with a head, perfect without a head; perfect with a tail, perfect without a tail; perfect with either, neither, or both.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a man in love like a lobster?
Why is his name on your face like the letter T on the head Gentle?
Why is a bad pen like a wicked man?

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

At Newcastle upon Tyne is a monument to Earl Grey, and a statue of his looking on the top of it. The monument is 100 feet high, and the statue 10 feet. At what distance from the base of the monument will the statue appear to a child 3 feet high?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

RIDDLES.
EGG.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.
12 yards length of one piece, 24 yards length of the other.

CONUNDRUMS.
Pilatus (Agent.)
TWO PRAISES.

Agricultural.

SEA WEED.

Colonel Le Couteur, of the Island of Jersey, so well known to agriculturists by his experiments in the growth of wheat, uses sea weed as a manure for his land. He considers that it contains many properties in its application—the quantity of the grain being increased and its quality improved by it. This Island, which is surrounded by the sea, is aware that among the constituent elements of the sea weed, are the *muriate* and *sulphate of Soda*, particularly the former. Now then, as immense bodies are to be found along our sea coast and the streams emptying into the Atlantic, it should be an object with every farming lands on those waters to see if it is periodically driven ashore, to make arrangements to collect and apply it. Its effects are prompt; telling efficiently the *first* year, and resulting its-bents to the second in an essential degree.

In Scotland, on its west coast, it has been used to great advantage, the value of the land being enhanced from 10 to 50 shillings per acre, per year. Where such a conquest we should think that its value would be increased by adding to it sulphate or powdered charcoal, to prevent the escape of the volatile gases, which is ever consequent upon the decomposition of such bodies. Then, again, we should think that its virtues might be continued much longer, as the ammoniacal portions of it would not so soon escape as when used without a fixing absorbent.

TO DRY A CAT OR RAT MEAT.—Pour two quarts of rain or river water on a fresh rennet leg, boil them down to one quart, and strain; when cold, carefully cool, give it on a drink to the cow, and she will be dry in 48 hours. She should be kept on hay, straw, or other dry food two or three days previously and secured days subsequently.

MAPLE SUGAR.—The Indians on one of the islands in Lake Huron, made, the present year, one hundred tons of maple sugar.

FINE WOOL.

The following letter from Samuel Lawrence, Esq., is important. It shows the increasing demand for fine wool. In Lyons, the highest country of distillery yeast, or twice as much lower.

HARD-BOWED YEAST MORE FAMILY MADE.—Boil a handful of hops half an hour in three pints of water. Pour half of it, boiling hot, through a sieve on a tea-spoonful of flour, mix, and then the rest of the hop water. Add a spoonful of salt, half a cup of molasses, and when blood warm a cup of yeast.

HARD YEAST.—This is often very convenient, especially for hot weather, when it is difficult to keep yeast.

Take some of the best yeast you can make, and thicken it with Indian meal, and if you have rye meal it will be better. Work it into a stiff dough, roll it cakes an inch thick; and three inches by two in size, and dry it in a drying wind; but not in the sun. Keep it tied in a bag in a dry cool place, where it will not freeze.

One of these cakes is enough for four quarts of flour. When you wish to use it, put it to soak in milk or water for several hours and then use it as other yeast.

RUSK, OR FLOUR HARD YEAST.—This is better than hard yeast made with Indian.

Scald a pint of Indian meal, leave it sweet, and a tablespoonful of salt, and mix in wheat flour, so that it will be in hard lumps. Set it in a fry warm place, (not in the sun,) till quite dry. Then taste and the fine parts to use the next baking, and put up the lumps in a bag, and hang it in a dry place.

In using this yeast, take a piet of the rule for six quarts of flour, and let it soak from soon till night. Then mix it as you do other yeast. Bake it well.

Brown's and distillery yeast cannot be trusted to make hard yeast. Home-brewed is the best, and next to that compressed yeast. Hard yeast is excellent.

MILK YEAST.—One pint of new milk, and one teaspoonful of salt; boil it, and when cool enough for milk and keep it blood warm as now. Use twice as much as the common yeast. Bread soon spoils made of this.

WHEAT BREAD OF HOME-BREWED YEAST.—Sift eight quarts of flour into the kneading tray, make a hole in the middle, and pour in a pint of yeast mixed with a pint of lukewarm water, and then work up this with the surrounding flour, into a batter. Cover it with a cloth, and let it stand an hour over this batter, lay a warm cloth over the whole, and set it in a warm place. This is called sponging.

When the sponge is risen so as to make cracks in the flour over it, (which will be in from three to four hours,) mix in two pints of warm water, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and put in about two quarts of wetting. Knead it well for half an hour, and then let it stand sufficient to rest it. Be careful not to put in too much of the wetting at once.

Let it stand half an hour longer, and then make it into loaves, and immediately for as much as half an hour, then form it into a round mass, scatter a little flour over it, cover it and set it to rise in a warm place. When it is risen take about one quart of wetting to four quarts of flour.

In winter, it is best to put the bread in sponge over night, when it is risen make into loaves and bake.

In summer, it can be put in sponge early in the morning, for if made over night it would become sour.

RAISED BREAD.—Take a gill of distillery yeast, or twice as much fresh home-brewed yeast; add a quart of water (cool for distillery yeast enough to make a thin batter, and let it rise in a warm place all night. This is the sponge.

The next day, put three quarts of sifted flour into the kneading tray, make a hole in the centre, and pour in the sponge. Then dissolve a tea or table spoonful of salt in a little more, each one of a teaspoonful of lard, and mix all with the flour and sponge, and add enough warm water to make the whole into a soft dough, and knead it well for half an hour, and then set it to rise in a warm place. Cover it with a cloth, put it in buttered pans, and let it rise one hour, and then bake it about an hour. Add more flour if the dough is too soft, or water if it be too stiff.

A teaspoonful of saleratus can be used instead of the volatile salts and alum, but it is not so good.

The Olio.

WELL-A-DAY.

Love comes and goes
Like the leaves that blow,
Now, or soon hereafter,
Who can say?
Now here, now there,
Then away!
Now it is the heart
With a dart!
Now the eyes
Tell the tale
By their rise
And their fall!
Now the mouth
Speaks the truth
Or a lie
Well-a-day!

Love comes and goes
Like the leaves that blow,
If hope is in us
Who can say
If we'll stay
Or go
If cold love depart
Let it be
Blade of the heart
Till we die
Then, if love, now there,
Shall we stray?
As the star,
Seen in the blue
Of the sky,
Wells-a-day!

"Is that a fact, Mr. Smith?" said a lady to a gentleman who was relating a story. "Madam," said he, "I never tell a lie." "Then," said the lady, "you are the only man in the world who does not."

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a pony pen;
He took a feather in his hat,
And called him Macaroni."

If this was the origin of the word, it would very like one, it would settle the question.

Mr. Hallowell wrote much of his collection to Mr. Jefferson, and the latter in one letter gave the doggrel which he publishes. Of one thing no one be sure, that, in whatever country it originates it is most scrupulously kept from the ears of the fair. It is said to have been played by the British bands previous to the Revolution, and to ridicule the awkward efforts of cultivation on young and inexperienced minds. Jefferson remarks, and why should it be so ridicule, if it were not that the jingle was supposed to be current among the common herd of society much doubt your power to sing, "to sing a song," or to play a tune, or to sing correctly? Surely if you cannot do either of these things, you have no business to attempt any; instead.

"Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a pony pen;"

But suppose you never attempted to sing or play, and in the meantime it is discovered that you have a voice, and that you could sing correctly, and play well, would you not be considered a treasure? Would you not be invited to every party, and be considered a treasure? Would you not be invited to every party, and be considered a treasure? Would you not be invited to every party, and